

who might show particular aptitude, and in five years there would be in the country a reserve force of trained soldiers as large as the army of France.

And this training should be in the individual states under the teaching of federal officers, and the cost should be paid half by the states, half by the general government, and it would be the cheapest insurance policy that a nation ever took out.

Old Masters

GEORGE HENRY THOMAS

Bp C. C. G.

GENERAL GEO. H. THOMAS ranks fourth, we believe, among the Union officers of the great Civil war. He was four years older than Sherman, six years older than Grant, having been born in Southampton, Va., July 31, 1816.

He was a faithful, capable soldier from his youth, every task assigned him was perfectly performed, he made no noise but duty was the altar he bowed before and his vows were always kept.

When the great war came while almost all officers who were southern born resigned and went at the call of their respective states to serve the Confederacy, Thomas remained. He had consecrated his life to the service of the whole country, not to any fraction of it.

On four occasions during that war he took so prominent a part that the glory he won will keep him in the rank of conspicuous soldiers so long as the republic lasts. The first was at Stone River. While on either side of him the army was broken by the furious onsets of the enemy, Thomas held on until Rosecrans who was in command was able to reorganize his broken lines and offer a new and victorious battle.

The second was at Chickamauga. So terrible was the assault of the enemy that all around him the army was shattered like spray, but Thomas, leaving two regiments to make an unequal fight to delay the enemy, moved his corps back to an eminence which gave him a vantage ground on which to fight, remained there all the long afternoon turning back repeated assaults upon his lines, not yielding one inch of ground until the battle ceased at the close of the day. No grander work was performed in the war than was that afternoon's work by Thomas. It gave him the title of "The Rock of Chickamauga," and it was justly earned. It was possible because of the skill displayed and because of the devotion he had inspired in the hearts of the soldiers of his corps.

Major Erb, long a resident of this city, was a member of that corps and he said: "When we got into position on that hillside the word that ran along the lines was, 'we will hold this place or die.'"

The late Colonel Nelson was an officer in one of the regiments which were flung out to delay the enemy until Thomas could reach a better position. His regiment was all killed or taken prisoners. Colonel Nelson was sent to Anderson prison and later to Libby.

The remnant of Rosecrans' army finally reached Chattanooga. Rosecrans was relieved of command and Thomas succeeded him. The army was in a secure position but was almost without food, their communication with their base having been cut off by the enemy.

Grant had taken Vicksburg and was hurrying to relieve Thomas. He wired Thomas to hold on. Thomas sent back the famous telegram: "We will hold on until we starve."

Relief reached him at last and with Grant's arrival the battle of Chattanooga was set in array. Bragg had been reinforced by two divisions from

Lee's army of Virginia and Hooker had been sent to reinforce Thomas.

The battle opened by Hooker storming Look-out Mountain—"the fight above the clouds." Next morning Sherman began the assault up Missionary Ridge, Grant and Thomas were in the center.

A Prayer of Peace

By Irene Dickson Schuller.

Above the mountains slowly
The moon comes, calm and clear,
Her gentle light seems holy,
A scene of peace is here.

On other scenes that sicken
And far from this soft ray,
Again on Europe stricken
There dawns another day.

On wrongs past all forgiving
The rising sun shines red—
Upon the anguished living,
And on the quiet dead.

A lovely land all blasted:
Where late the harvest stood.
The trampled fields are wasted
And matted thick with blood.

A thousand homes stand empty,
The windows gaping wide,
Instead of mirth and plenty,
A blackened hearth inside.

And hate, by blood grown reckless,
Hurts death adown the air,
For who shall heed the helpless,
Or stop for their despair?

The sorrow who can measure?
Grim death, and blood, and tears—
A grief that stifles pleasure
Through all the bitter years.

For what can ever lighten
Such monstrous loss and pain?
Or what can ever brighten
Their days to joy again?

* * *

We ask Thee, God of Battle,
Thou mighty God of War—
Ask, as tired children prattle
Of woes undreamt before,

That in Thy might prevailing
Thou wilt bring good from wrong,
Until this broken walling
Shall change again to song.

That Thou, who workest Thy wonders
In ways not known to men,
Wilt still the cannons' thunders
In some great good.—And then

We pray before Thine altar,
That when this war shall cease
The world, grown sick with slaughter,
Shall serve the Prince of Peace.

The battle had lasted all day up to perhaps 3 p. m., when Sheridan of Thomas' army was ordered to storm the lower entrenchments of the enemy. The assault began, the entrenchments were carried and then without orders the soldiers, snuffing victory, continued up the height and never stopped until Bragg's entire army was in full retreat.

When Grant and Thomas reached the crest of the hill Sheridan was sitting astride a captured cannon and shouting like a wild Indian. That was Grant's first meeting with Sheridan and when he was appointed commander-in-chief of all the armies and took his station with Meade in the army of the Potomac he lost no time in sending for Sheridan to come east and take charge of the cavalry.

Thomas was the right arm of Sherman in that most memorable Atlanta campaign.

When Sherman wired to Grant for an order to make the march to the sea, Grant wired back: "Detach Thomas with force enough to look after Hood—Hood had succeeded Bragg—and go ahead."

Sherman selected 90,000 of his best troops, leaving Thomas the balance, and started.

The force left Thomas was inferior to that of Hood and there was nothing for him to do but fall back to where he could obtain reinforcements. Hood was the most impetuous of soldiers, and to take in Thomas was both a desire and a necessity. Then began that retreat out of Georgia and through Tennessee to Nashville with Hood in hot pursuit. When Franklin was reached there was found entrenchments, formerly prepared, for 7,000 men.

Thomas detached Schofield with the needed 7,000 men, with instructions that if Hood evaded battle at that point to hurry on and join the main army, but if Hood struck him to entertain him until nightfall and then to evacuate the works and hurry to join him. Thomas counted on Hood doing just what he wanted him to do, stop to fight, at mighty disadvantage Schofield, and he did. He made five separate assaults upon those works. His loss in men and officers was terrible. Among the killed being the fighting General Cleyburne, General Adams and many more distinguished soldiers. At night Schofield slipped away and joined Thomas. Then Thomas prepared for a final battle. The night before he had intended to open the engagement a sleet fell making it impossible for the cavalry and artillery horses to keep their footing, and Thomas stopped to have the horses shod, though impatient messages were reaching him all the time from Washington. He would not move until he was ready. So impatient had the authorities in the east become that General Logan was sent west with authority to supersede Thomas if he deemed it necessary. Logan reached Louisville on the day that Thomas delivered the final blow upon Hood. It was one of the most decisive battles ever fought. Hood's army was not only beaten but it was practically destroyed, and the Confederacy never made another stand west of the Alleghanies.

After the war Thomas was given command of the department of the west and was stationed at San Francisco where he suddenly died of apoplexy, March 8, 1870. He was not embittered but a good deal saddened in his last days, believing that his services had not been fairly recognized. Had he lived, he would have been given the rank of lieutenant general. As it is he goes down into glorious history as one of the foremost captains of our great war and the more his history is studied the halo above his memory has deeper and brighter tints every year.

"The Rock of Chickamauga" will never crumble, the name of George H. Thomas for all time will be a priceless heritage to his countrymen.

She was even more afraid of cows than most girls, so when she spied a placid animal recumbent under a tree peacefully chewing its cud she at first refused to go through the pasture at all. Her husband calmed her fears to some extent and they started by, when the cow slowly commenced to get up, hind legs first, as they always do. At this the little lady shrieked with terror and said: "Oh, Bob, hurry, hurry; he is getting ready to spring at us!"